BATTLE OF GRAND COTEAU.

The Story of a Rebel Dash and Other Spoils.

Ly PORTER D. LEARNARD, Co. E, 231 Wis.

I wish to recall to the memory of those now living of our old brigade the sharpest and fiercest battle we were in, for the time it lasted, and perhaps on record.

This battle is known in history as the battle of Grand Coteau, La., and it occurred Nov. 3, Milliken's Bend to Grand Gulf, and in the battles of Port Gibson, Raymond, and the experience in the rifle pits, on our return from Maj. Greene, then commanding the regiment, Jackson we took a few weeks' rest until early thought I was the best drummer left he put me in September, then embarked on a river transport farther south and went into camp at times forget the duties assigned to me and freport farther south and went into camp at Carrollton, a suburb of New Orleans.

command on the Potomac. Our corps (the see me and to report at once. When I called, Thirteenth) was then consolidated with the he said: Ninetectary was discovered by the See here, Porter, you missed the sick call partment of the Gulf, with Gen. Banks as Department Commander.

In October we started out on a campaign, marching from Brashear City in the direction of Alexandria. We marched for several days through a fine and beautiful country of level laughing stock of all the boys, so I looked out prairies, with occasional strips of timber along that I made no failure to be on hand thereafter

replenish our well-nigh empty wallets with some of Uncle Sam's

greenbacks. The day was as calm and beautiful as we ever saw, and we had no premonition of approaching m. Capt. Jas. M. Bull commanded Co. E to "fall in," as we were the senior company, and were the first to be paid. On our return from the Paymaster's tent John Calkins, our cook, announced dinner. In the meantime the next company was marching to the Paymaster's tent.

Our cook asked, Who will take some hot coffee out to the boys on the picket line?" As I had jay-hawked a pony from a plantation a few days before, I volunteered to go, thinking it a good chance to have a good ride. I did not wait to eat my dinner, but was helped on to my pony by one of the boys, and the cook handed me the pail of coffee.

along, enjoying the ride, when, about half-way between camp and picket line, there sounded a sharp and treside, thus preventing us from getting warning

in the rebel ranks. The commanding officer told our Colonel that the first volley fired by

I will now relate my experience while on my way to the picket line on the left. Looking in that direction I saw our entire picket force coming in on the run and about 1,000 rebel cavalry circling around us, and as I did not feel very hungry at that moment, nor think the boys were thirsting for coffee, I dropped the pail, flew back to camp and slid off from my pony to get my knapsack, canteen, etc.

In the confusion of whistling bullets and

general roar of musketry my pony became so excited I could not mount him without assistance, as there was no saddle on him; so I left him, picked up my things, and struck out for the rear on foot.

In the meantime, as luck would have it, our Wagon Master happened to have a team hitched up ready to go out foraging. The boys threw the Paymaster and his chest of greenbacks into that wagon in a hurry, and the driver lashed those poor mules on one side at every jump, while the Wagon Master plied his lash on the other side, riding his horse on a dead run. The team flew past me so quick I could hardly see what it was: at all events way down and had taken on tremendous his lash on the other side, riding his horse on a I could hardly see what it was; at all events, the rebels did not get the Paymaster nor his greenbacks that trip.

I soon became exhausted, and could not get

threw away my things. They ordered Ben Dickinson and myself to surrender, which we readily did, and were marched off under guard. I did not relish the idea of having to walk all the way to Texas and remaining a prisoner for an indefinite length of time, so watched for a chance to escape, and in the meantime "played" and found the log canted up against the

they were capturing many more of our boys, I threw up my hands and fell forward on my face in the grass as though I had been shot. son) being marched away. I remained quiet a while longer, when our Second Brigade came up on the double-quick to reinforce us. They had been camped about two miles back of us.

A few volleys from them held the cavalry in check; however, they had time to raid our camp. burn our tents and make a clean sweep, not even our drums escaping, for they cut the heads out slick and clean.

With our reinforcements we pressed them back in the direction of Opelousas. We returned early in the evening, going into camp where the Second Brigade had camped the night before.

that it was the founder of the backsman family in that country. There wasn't a gray hair on him, though, and his teeth were as sound as a pebble."

The roll call showed up for our regimen about 86, with about 300 killed, wounded and taken prisoners. We were a sorrowful looking lot of men, without food, shelter or blankets We subsisted for several days upon anything we could lay hands on, not even corneribs escaping us. We tore down fences and anywe came in contact with, to build fires a few feet apart, and lay down between

them on the ground to keep warm. Our Colonel, J. J. Guppy, was wounded and prisoner; our Captain and three other officers

were also prisoners. Our Surgeons arranged a hospital and cared for the wounded that night and the following day. Our boys who were taken prisoners were paroled after a few months, and remained in parole camp at New Orleans for sometime before being exchanged, so it was nearly a year before their return to the

regiment.
We soon learned the cause of that sudden After a Paymaster's Wagon and unexpected attack. There were two companies of the 1st La. Cav. with us, acting as scouts: three of them deserted our picket line at night, went over to the enemy's line and informed them of our strength and position and of the Paymaster's intended visit the following

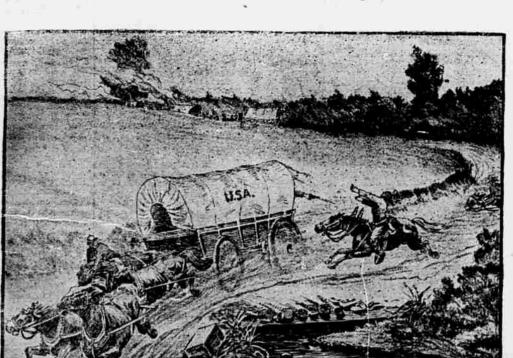
In the Spring of 1861, while on that famou Red River campaign, we traveled over the same road and halted to rest on the same old battleground. With the events of that day fresh in our memories we took one last sad look at the little mounds that marked the resting places of the fallen ones, the Blue and the 1863. After our long and weary march from Gray, in that lonely spot on the banks of the Grand Coteau.

Our drum corps numbered but three drum charge at Vicksburg, May 22, with 41 days of mers and two fifers after that battle. As thought I was the best drummer left he put me Carrollton, a suburb of New Orleans.

After a grand review Gen. Grant bade us adicu and departed for the East to assume who informed me that Maj. Greene wished to

> you, and if you can not do better than this I shall have to stand you on the head of a barrel in front of my tent to punish you."

I did not wish that to occur and to be the laughing stock of all the boys, so I looked out and don't fire until I tell you, and then fir the streams, which afforded us good camping The boys in our company named me "Old grounds with an abundance of wood and 76," as I was always with the regiment from the time we entered the service to the mustering On the night of Nov. 2 it was announced by out in 1865, putting in three years of continuour officers that our division would take a rest out ous active campaign duty. My twin brother the next day and remain in camp, as the Pay- Perry and I were the two youngest soldiers in master H. A. Tenney, would be with us. We our regiment, being but 14 years eight months the twigs dropping in a shower from the trees were glad to have a day's rest, and pleased to old when we enlisted.



"THE TEAM FLEW PAST ME."

Black Snake as Blg as a Hog.

overpowered by superior numbers of lum of the sudden attack.

Our brigade commander, Gen. S. G. Burbridge, as fine appearing and dashing an officer as ever sat in a saddle, was on his horse in an instant, riding down the line, commanding his men to fall in. Our brigade, consisting the sudden attack.

Our brigade commander, Gen. S. G. Burbridge, as fine appearing and dashing an officer as ever sat in a saddle, was on his horse in an instant, riding down the line, commanding his men to fall in. Our brigade, consisting the sudden attack.

Our brigade commander, Gen. S. G. Burbridge, as fine appearing and dashing an officer as ever sat in a saddle, was on his horse persons afoot. I don't suppose there, as they are always prowling about looking for unwary teamsters and unsuspecting persons and the persons afoot. I don't suppose there is another spot on this continent where is another spot on the spot of t in an instant, riding down the line, commanding in the state of the 23d Wis., 77th Ill. and 83d Ohio, numbering about 1,290 men, with two pieces of artillery, grabbed their guns and rushed to the front in an instant to face an enemy of nearly disturbed opportunity to reach a patri 3,000, in an almost hand to hand conflict. Nearly every shot from our guns made a gap in the rebel ranks. The commanding officer just as big elsewhere if they could only

of the enemy's force in front of our regiment get the time.

"There is no doubt in my mind that some of those Black Forest serpents were our boys killed 54 of his men. On the follow-ing day we buried over 500 of their dead in one gray hair on their upper lips. My brother-in-law, Squire Hollis, of Woodhull, tells about one he killed down there once that had a funny-looking lump on its side. He cut down into the lump six inches of so and found a flint arrowhead at the bottom of it. There could be but one explanat on of the presence of that arrow head there. The snake had been shot by an Indian some time. As there hadn't been any Indians hunting with bows and arrows in that country for about three generations, of course the snake must have been a lively native before the days

white man thereabout, and no of the white man thereabout, and no-body knows how many years before that, either. Squire Hollis is willing to bet that the snake was a good deal more than 100 years old, and it was as hale and hearty as a serpent could be.
"I say that Squire Hollis killed that snake, but that is hardly a correct state-

ment. He was lumbering over in that region and had a lot of logs banked for rolling down a steep slope into the creek. momentum, when this snake came tear-ing out from some place where it had beer hiding, and rushed right out in the path I soon became exhausted, and could not get of that flying log. There is no telling over the ground fast enough. As soon as I what the snake thought the log was, but saw we were surrounded by the cavalry I he was evidently in a state of supreme fury at it, for he stopped and raised his head up and waited the coming of the log. The log kept right on and struck the snake with all the force it had accumulated. The crash was terrific, and the log Ossum."

During the excitement and confusion, while be hadn't seen the collision he wouldn't have known which was the snake and which was the log, they were so near of a set fire to the city. By daylight our troops size. The snake was dead from the shock, though, and Squire Hollis has ordered back to camp. In the afternoon we After a few moments I raised my head and saw never ceased to regret his foolishness in many of our boys) among whom was Dickin rolling it into the creek after he had cut the lump and found the arrowhead, and letting it float away without measuring it, because he never could tell how long the serpent was. The Squire says, though, that if the snake could have been season-

> REFRESHING SLEEP. Horsford's Acid Phosphate

to the ordinary run of Black Forest

snakes, and from what the Squire says,

there isn't any doubt at all in my mind that it was the founder of the blacksnake

taken before retiring quiets the nerve and induces sleep. Genuine bears name Horsford's on wrapper.

crash that checked the rebel fire for a moment, but soon it roared out again, and the game of death and wounds went on.

What the Veterans Have to Say

About Their Campaigns.

A BITTER STRUGGLE.

desperate Resistance Made by the 27th Mass. Against

Beavy Odds, Which Resulted in Capture.

ceding incidents leading up to it than I was would contradict some of the gross misstate

and give the old 27th Mass, and its command ing officer, Walter G. Bartholemew, a decently

"Boys," he cried, looking up and down our line,

and without a tremor in his voice, "they are

coming, and we are going to fight 'em; we must

hold this line in spite of h---. Now, steady,

Right there the battle began-a few shots

away down to our left, a lot more nearer, and

recorded as facts in such a place.

ool and steady. About face! Forward! Just as if we were on parade we moved together across the road and beyond the enemy's flank, faced around and into line, and

blazed away again. Twice we rallied to our colors in this way under a heavy fire, which does not look much like being "routed," does it? On our third rally we came out by an old rail fence, behind which was a part of the 15th Conn., mostly recruits, who seemed demoralized and broken up; the first we had seen of the rest of Upham's Brigade. There were some of the vets among them, and they gathered with us when the Colonel rallied us for a final stand around our

Twas here that a minie ball crushed the Colonel's leg, and in the consequent hull in our as wrinkled as a walnut and with long fire the rebels rushed over us and resistance

Now, this was no fight of Upham's Brigade. They had nothing to do with it. 'Twas the fight of less than 200 of the 27th Mass, against the whole of Hoke's Division of the rebel army, with Col. Bartholemew in sole command. And we were not routed or driven a foot, but were rushed upon and captured by an enemy numbering 10 to 1, after losing nearly 60 of our comrades in killed and wounded

Col. Bartholomew was a brave and efficient söldier, a good and kind officer, whom we all, as a regiment, revered and loved, and time has so far failed to dim that sentiment along the willing to bet line, and nothing would so arouse the enthusiasm of the old 27th as would his presence at our annual gathering now, which failing health and distance has long prevented. When capture seemed inevitable the Color Sergeant, acting, buried our colors beside some logs or stones, and we recovered them

afterwards all right.—F. A. ROBBINS, Corporal, Co. E, 27th Mass., Torrington, Conn.

AFTER THE JOHNNIES. Sharp Work Around Jackson in July, 1863.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have been much interested in the story "Inside of Rebeldom" because often we were close to Dr. Cannon and his comrades. In your issue of Feb. 16, under diary entry of July 23, he says: What has become of Gen. Grant? We expected a vigorous pursuit, but everything has been as quiet the past few days as if there were no Yankees within a hundred miles."

The following I glean from my own diary: 'July 17, 1863.—This morning the enemy surrendered the city (Jackson) to Gen. Sher man, having evacuated during the night and moved camp close to their works. I took stroll up in the city. Most all the principal business buildings burnt down. State House saved on account of the yard being filled with sick and wounded rebs. Some very fine residences. A few cars at the depot. Some ed and sawed up it would have cut up into as nice a pile of 16-foot boards a foot and a half wide as anyone ever bought.

That snake could have been season-residences. A few cars at the depot. Some cannon and a good many small-arms. Wells filled with arms and ammunition. Torpedoes put down in the streets. In the evening went to camp. Rained at night. put down in the streets. In the evening went

to camp. Rained at night. "July 18.-To day looks rainy. I went up to the big fort on the hill in the State road, built to accommodate 12 guns. One 64 rifled piece with one trunnion broke off. In the afternoon we received orders to march started a little before sundown, passed through Jackson down to Pearl River, where we stayed all night, waiting for the bridge to be finished Sunday, 19, when we crossed pretty early and

started after the rebs. The day was very hot and dry. The different articles at ewn along the road showed the hurried retreat of the rebels. In the afternoon the artillery opened out in our front. We were ordered forward on quick time. We came to a very large field a mile or more across,

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

"We formed our line of battle to the right of the road, while other troops formed on the left. We then moved forward in a large cornfield; stalks higher than our heads, with the sun shining down so we could scarcely breathe; the rebels throwing shells at us. Here and there we came to a deep ditch with briars to scramble over, while every little way we stop-ped to rest, almost dying with the intense heat among the corn. Every little way down would go one of the boys overheated.

"When two-thirds across a rather sudden shower came over. We lay down and hailed BDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I was gratified and much pleased to read the article by Col. Walter G. Bartholemew, of Tampa, Fla., in defense of the 27th Mass. in their fight at Southwest Creek, N. C.

Shower came over. We tay own and hated its refreshing drops with joy till it was over. We then moved forward with skirmishers well in front. On the left of us a few volleys from the advance set the rebs retreating, when we soon gained the hill where they were. Our I have read in the Rebellion Records the loss was slight, more being heat-struck than accounts that he mentions, and been much hit by bullets, surprised that unfair statements could be "We then we

"We then went into town (Brandon) and It has been long my wish that some of our officers or the boys more acquainted with the town set on fire. Roasted some chicken for know details of that dusty little fight and the pre-

ments and fill in some of the glaring omissions, fair showing for the deeds performed then.

I recall seeing the Colonel "chuck" his sword into its scabbard at his side, and start rebs who had been in Jackson with a flag of truce. We arrived at Jackson after night. off down through the woods to see for himself what was down there, and return in 15 or 20 minutes without a bit of color in his face. A. M. BRINKERHOFF, Co. H, 4th Iowa, Gar-

A CIVIL WAR ROMANCE.

How Wolferd's Cavalrymen Broke Up an Intended Doub Wedding and Carried Off the Grooms. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Very

seldom seeing anything from the famous 1st Ky. Cav. (Wolford's), I will give your readers the following incident:

Far away in the eastern part of Kentucky, and near the line of Virginia, nestled among the hills, is the beautiful little village of West Liberty, a town of about 600 people. It was in the memorable year of 1863 that Wolford's cavalry camped about 20 miles from West Liberty. then the Colonel's ringing order to fire. For half an hour we had a little Gehenna of our own, with men falling killed and wounded all about us. How the bullets did whistle, and the twigs dropping in a shower from the overhead. "Steady, men!" came from the Colonel again, as our Enfields went off with a Colonel again, as our Enfields went of which a Colonel again, as our Enfields went of w

One beautiful Autumn day a miner came into our camp and reported that on the morrow, at high noon, there was to be a wedding at West Liberty; that two of John Morgan's cavalrymen were to be married to a couple of West Liberty belies.

Soon a scout of 20 men was organized to raid the town. There was no detail made; each volunteered his services, all eager for each volunteered his services, all eager for the raid. Your scribe was one of the 20. Capt. Brent Fishback was in command, and when the order was given we were in our saddles and away at the break of day. Our guide led us within sight of the village, when he pointed out the very house in which the wedding was to take place. We watched until we saw the people gather, and when all were off the streets we made a dash, the sound of which seemed

we made a dash, the sound of which seemed not to be heard by the merry crowd within the house. Before they were aware of it we were coming through the yard gate, and, with revolvers in hand, demanded their

surrender.

The parson was on the floor with license in hand, and before him stood two couples. But everything came to a standstill, so far as the wedding was concerned. In the large dining hall was a long table filled with the best the city could afford. We conducted the minister and the matrimonial candidates to the table, and after seating them proceeding to make currently seed to make the seed to see the seed

monial candidates to the table, and after seating them proceeded to make ourselves welcome, and at once filled the table.

After dinner we proposed that they proceed with the wedding, but they refused; and after bidding the girls good-by we carried the grooms hway prisoners. Since that long-ago raid I have often wondered whether the boys ever got back, and whether the ceremony was ever finished for no er the ceremony was ever finished, for no doubt it was partly said. After writing doubt it was parily said. After writing several letters regarding the matter, at last, through Judge Perry, of Lexington, Ky., I got all that remains to be known of that memorable day, and herewith give your readers his letter, written from West Liberty, where he happened to be:

"I was a young soldier in the Confederate army, under Gen. John H. Morgan, for three years and eight months. I was one of the six Confederate soldiers who were to be participants and greets at the wedding.

mendous volley of musketry at my right. Up in looking toward the strip of timber in front of our camp I saw the rebel infantry charging through the woods in all manner of shapes, in broken lines from four to six deep. They had captured our picket line on that side, thus preventing us from getting warning and tree mendous volley of musketry at my right. Up in looking toward the strip of timber in front of our camp I saw the rebel infantry charging through the woods in all manner of the successful to the south of old Steuben County, "lies off to the south of old Steuben, in a big stretch of deep, dark woods in Potter County, Pa., known as the Black Forest. It is a black-shake den. A year never goes by that one or two immenses blacksnekes are not one or two immenses of lum or trond and give it to them again. Now, but face! Forward!" a gay grand time helping the boys of but for the untimely intrusion of the Yanks. We had been sent on detached service from Virginia through the mountains of Kentucky by Gen. Morgan to this place (West Liberty) and Mt. Sterling to ascertain the number of the enemy's forces; and, by the way, the boys were to get married and take their young wives back to Virginia with

"The two Confederate soldiers who were forces, and carried away to prison. My-self and three others made our escape under a heavy fire, and after getting the information sent after we returned to our com-mander in Virginia. The names of the thon sent after we returned to our commander in Virginia. The names of the two soldiers captured by your forces are John Colvin and Fielding Cox, both of Co. A, 2d Ky. Cav., under Gen. Morgan's command; both good friends and good command; mand; both good friends and good comrades of mine, and brave, dashing soldiers.
Both lived through the war. John Colvin
now resides in Topeka, Kan.; Fielding Coxresides at Hazel Green, Ky. Neither ever
married the young ladies to whom they
were to be married on that day. The
boys both married after the war. I forbear
giving the names of the two young ladies,
but one of them married a Union soldier
after the war closed. The other married a out one of them married a Union soldier after the war closed. The other married a Confederate soldier. I saw the last named lady yesterday (Feb. 5, 1899). The one who married the Union soldier is now dead. They both made exceptionally good wives

and splendid women.
"I could write you much more about the matter, but I think this is fully responsive to your interrogatories. I served in my command until the war was over. I was within 150 yards of Gen. Morgan when he was killed. We often fought your com-mand during the war, once at Philadelphia, Tenn. Your Colonel, Frank Wolford, was a brave and generous man, as were also his men. I was never captured by your com-mand, but made quite a number of them prisoners during the war. Col. Wolford was a warm friend of mine after the war and up to his death. Your's were brave officers and men. They fought well, and we always tried to impress them with the fact that we were Kentuckians and believed in the cause for which we were fighting.
am sure they thought well of us as adversaries. I was Second Lieutenant in my command; was 15 years and 10 days old when I entered the service on the 15th day of when I entered the service on the 15th day of September, 1861. Please pardon the reference to myself. I am glad you are a good 'Campbellite.' I am one of that persuasion myself, as well as a good 'rebel.' I wish you much success, hoping to meet you after it is all over, in that land where the tramp of cavalry and the clank of sabers will never be heard. Glad to hear from you at any time.—J. W. PERRY."

J. W. GARNER, 1st KV. Cav., Perkins. W. GARNER, 1st Ky. Cav., Perkins,

THE JOHNNY'S SIDE.

Well-Dispositioned 2d Me. Veteran Tells of Fighting Uncle Sam's Boys in Arkansas.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I see i your paper of Feb. 16, 1899, a letter from J. H. Wyman, Co. F, 9th Iowa Cav., East San Jose Cal. He speaks of the battle of Ashley Sta tion, in Grand Prairie, Ark., and claims this battle was fought Oct. 24, 1864, with Gen. Shelby commanding the Confederates and Col. Dagger the Union forces.

On this date Col. Shelby was in front of Kansas City, Mo., fighting. The battle of which Wyman speaks was fought some time in September. We captured the 54th Ill. be tween 2 and 4 o'clock p. m. He claims Shel-by's cavalry numbered 8,000. Here he is miswhich was not completed until the morning of taken, for there was not more than 5,000 in all, and when the fight came off some of that number were off on other duties. There was only one regiment and a battalion that fought Col. Dagger, and, I believe, they would not have for occupancy June 1st. Hotel open from outnumbered 800. The battle only lasted June 24th to September 30th.

about two hours, instead of four.

For rates and information

When all ceased firing and drew sabers, the Jones, Manager, B. & O. Building, Balticame to a very large field a mile or more across, attention of the Yankees was called in an more, Md., until June 10th. After that scrap." Well, with the rebels posted on the opposite side, easterly direction and ours in a northerly time, Deer Park, Garrett County, Md.

on a hill, playing on us with seven pieces of direction. As to our dead that they buried there, they were killed by the 54th Ill I remember nothing of the house of which Wyman speaks having the yellow flag on it. He spoke next of robbing us of our coffee a Stony Creek. I beg to differ from him in re federate army never indulged in. I will admi they gave us quite a scare at Stony Creek, but we saw nothing of them after that.

I bear no malice toward Brother Wyman and would be glad to hear from him. One of my closest neighbors, Col. H. M. McCrory, was in the 54th lll.—J. M. LYON, Co. E, 2d Mo., Diantha, Tex.

The Fight at Morris Ravine.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Please allow me a small space in your valuable paper to talk to Comrades Fallis, 8th Ohio, and Gilberg, 5th Ohio. These comrades say the 20th N. Y. Art. was ordered up on the little hill at "We then went into town (Brandon) and camped by the public square, having marched 12 miles and routed the rebels. Some of the and if they were where I was they would

My company was right near the battery. My company was right near the battery. They unlimbered, ranged their two pieces, and one of the gunners ordered a shrapnel shell put into the gun. The gun was loaded with the shell in before the powder, and the battery was o'clock. The weather was very warm. Then we started for Jackson. It was so hot some of the gunners ordered back. The rebel battery that was captured by Cos. E. F. C and K of the 9th

prove to you by Gen. Joe Wheeler himself that there was only one barricade across the road, and extending in the woods about 10 feet on each side. Hampton, Wheeler, or Butler will see me out on that line.

As for a line of battle being formed at the

depot, that is not correct. There was a train of box cars at the depot, loaded with Union soldiers. They were prisoners the Johnnies had and were trying to get out of the way, and they could get no farther. Aaron Dreiger, of the 46th Pa., was one of them. He now lives at Mt. Carmel, Pa.—JESSE B. DITTY, Co. E, 9th Pa. Cav., Sunbury, Pa.

A Few Recollections.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I have taken your paper for three years, and would rather do without my tobacco than without it. I wonder if any of the old boys of the 26th N. Y. battery are living. Boys, do you re-member St. Patrick's Day, 1865, when we started from Fort Morgan to Spanish Fort; when it rained every day; when the infantry had to pull our gun out of the quicksand, when we got stuck, after the taking of Spanish Fort? We took Blakely and crossed the bay to Mobile, where the troops were reviewed by Secretary Chase. Do you remember our march up the Tombigbee, and receiving the news of Lin-coln's assassination? We were called up in line and the order read that we should do no extra duty that day, but instead our beloved Captain made us scour and clean our harness and prepare for inspection.

bont. The boys told him second thief was best | band of veterans, owner. Boys, let's hear from you .- Jos. M. ZUGELDER, 18th and 26th N. Y. battery, 22 Averill Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

If You Want to Make Money Send 10 cents for "Gold Tips." A grand opportunity to provide yourself and family with an income. Thousands have made fortunes, you can do the same. No canvassing. Easy, honorable, and legitimate, Hugh Bauerlein, Box 1314, Denver, Col.

UNION VETERANS' UNION.

Farragut Command, 12, U. V. U., D., at a recent meeting passed the follow-

ng resolutions: Whereas this Command of the Union whereas this command of the Union Veterans' Union is composed of members who in the war of the rebellion were the "men behind the guns" supporting and up-holding the hand of Lincoln in his great struggle for the Union and to keep the flag floating where it had been raised for freedom and humanity; and Whereas we remember bitterly the fire in

the rear while we were at the front fighting and suffering and many brave boys dying on the field and in the trenches and prisons and Whereas we believe and know that the

fire in the rear at that time added to our sufferings, prolonged the war and gave immense aid and comfort to the enemy; and Whereas the fire in the rear in the present war reminds us forcibly of the copperheads and their disloyal, treasonable and nefari-ous words and acts in the war of the re-bellion:

Resolved, That we sustain, encourage,

uphold and support the Administration in its Philippine policy and send words of cheer and encouragement to all the brave men in the Army and Navy at the front. Resolved, That in time of war, while the

army is at the front, we favor more patriot-ism and less politics in the rear. Resolved, That if Dewey and his jackies, and Otis and his soldiers plant the Star and Stripes on the moon, we will stand by hem and demand a mighty good reason for hauling it down.

Committee: Col. H. D. Jennings, Lieut.

Col. S. G. Trine, Adj't A. B. Nelso 1.

Largest Department of the Grand Army.

Editor National Tribune: I was interested in the proceedings of the 16th an nual Encampment, Department of New Mexico, as published in your issue of May 11. While our comrades in that Departnent are "short" in numbers they appea long" in enthusiasm.

One statement, however, appears to be

somewhat strained, if not entirely broken, it says: "In territory New Mexico is the It says: "In territory New Mexico is the largest G.A.R. Department in the United This is the first intimation received a

these Headquarters that we are not in the United States. I turn to the books, and find that New Mexico contains 122,-80 square miles, and the same authority ways that in territory the Department of Washington and Alaska contains 600,589 square miles, or is nearly five times the size of New Mexico. The fact is people in the East are not posted as to what the West really is. For

posted as to what the west really is. For instance, some do not know that portions of Alaska are 1,500 miles west of Honolulu, and that Honolulu is 2,000 miles west of San Francisco, and that portions of Alaska are farther west of San Francisco than Portland, Me., is east of San Francisco. Don't be so careless, boys, in your statements.—S. W. Clark, Assistant Adjutant-General, Departmen Washington and Alaska, Seattle

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PICKET SHOTS

From Alert Comrades Along the Whole

ABOUT DONELSON'S CAPTURE.

B. F. Thomas, Co. G, 14th Iowa, Trace, Iowa, writes: "Comrade M. B. Loop's state ment of how Co. B, 68th Ohio, lost the honor of capturing Fort Donelson, in your issue of Feb 16, is somewhat amusing. There certainly was a lax state of discipline in his regiment, even for that early stage of the war, if one of the Captains should request of his Colonel the privilege of leading his lone company against a fort that had withstood the combined attack of the army and gunboat flotilla, and, after being refused the privilege, to watch his chance and sneak off unknown to his Colonel, and contrary to his orders, and perform that criminally-insane act. Did Co. B. 68th Ohio, enter Fort Donelson first? After Gen. Mc-Clernand's heavy battle of Feb. 15, on Grant's right, Gen. Smith, on the left wing, ordered Col. Lauman, with his brigade, to attack the works in his front. This brigade was composed of the 2d, 7th, and 14th Iowa and 25th Ind. They led the assault that captured the outer line of works, and were supported by

"At daylight next morning a flag of truce approached Col. Lauman's lines, and was re-Pa. Cav., led by Cols. Jordan and Murry, at Lovejoy Station, Ga., and manned by detailed men of different regiments of the First Brigade, was ordered up. Only one shot was Grant's Headquarters were properly some distance in the rear, and Gen. Buckner was at these being a distance of six miles or Dover, there being a distance of six miles or more between them. Several messages pass-ed-at least three each way-before terms were agreed upon. Lauman's Brigade was relieved from its position in the captured works about noon, and marched down the hill to prepare some breakfast. Before reaching the foot of the hill Lauman received a com-mand from Headquarters to countermarch his ommand to the front; that Fort Donelson had surrendered, and his brigade had the post of honor, and was to march in first.

"As Lauman's men approached the works occupied by the Confederates they found the occupied by the Confederates they found the men drawn up in line, and when the head of the Union troops approached them they per-formed the very solemn act of 'ground arms.' This was repeated by each division of the rebel army that our troops passed, as they marched directly to the fort proper, which this brigade occupied during Grant's stay at Fort Donelson. Now, I do not see how Co. B, 68th Ohio, could have known or guessed that the Ohio, could have known or guessed that the fort would surrender that day. Nor do believe that there was a Union soldier inside of the outer works before noon on Feb. 16, except those of Gen. Smith's Division, who held the captured works."

A VERY ACTIVE SERVICE.

J. M. Homer, Co. C, 69th Ohio, Louisville, Kan., tells some of the incidents con-nected with the service of his regiment. He writes of being in the Army of the Cumberland after Rosecrans took command, and par-ticipating in hot battles. The regiment was and prepare for inspection.

Are any of the boys alive who robbed the sutter at Mobile and at Clarksville, Tex.? Do you remember that when we were lying in the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi a boat came alongside with watermelons, and Ed Colbert Longstreet in the direction of old Virginia.

The regiment was in the front line at the storming of Missionary Ridge, and pursued the rebels to Ringgold, then fell back to Chattanooga, marched to Knoxville to reinforce Burnside, and drove Longstreet in the direction of old Virginia. bought a lot, showing a greenback to the boat- They returned to Chattanooga, re-enlisted for bought a lot, showing a greenback to the boatman? Ed was lying flat on his stomach, to reach them, and after reaching them up to willing hands the boatman got suspicious about the wholesale buying. He asked for his money and got the laugh. When Ed got up to look for his watermelons none were to be seed. He was the maddest man on board the test. The boye told him second thief was best band of setgrans.

> SHERIDAN AT MISSIONARY RIDGE. Robert Simpson, Co. C, 74th Ill., Rockford, Ill., answers in a lengthy article what he calls attacks recently made on Sheridan's Division by men of Hazen's Brigade. The gallant Phil and his division need no apologies, and history has attended to the eulogies, he says. At Missionary Ridge Sheridan rode up with the front rank of his division, and never way-

ered in the advance up the Ridge until the rebels were in full flight. Hardly stopping to reform, he pushed down the eastern slope in hot pursuit, and continued until darkness stopped the victors. If Hazen's men captured batteries in Sheridan's front it must have been after Sheridan had passed over the Ridge in pursuit of the enemy.

FIGHTING REBEL RAIDERS

T. M. Sexton, Co. A, 83d Ill., writes: "The oys of the 83d Ill. will remember that on Feb. 3, 1863, while we were on duty at Fort Donel-son, Tenn., Gens. Forrest, Wheeler and Wharton, three noted Confederate raiders, pounced down upon us with 7,000 or 8,000 men and 11 pieces of artillery. The long roll roused us from our noonday meal. Our force at the time consisted of a part of the 83d Ill., Capt. Flood's four-gun battery of the 2d Ill. L. A. (short of ammunition and the Captain away) one 32-pound siege gun, and a part of one company of the 5th Iowa Cay., about 800 men

"The fight was on at once. Our forces re pulsed every charge they made, which was kept up until night set in. At 9 o'clock in the evening a passing gunboat dropped a few shells among them, which sent them flying, and we saw no more of them. Our casualties were less than 15 men killed, a few wounded, and 50 prisoners, all of whom came back to us the next day. The enemy's loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was about 800."

AS TO "LIMBER JIM." J. J. Lewis, Florida, O., writes: "In answer

to C. H. Terry, North Adams, Mass., who writes that he was an acquaintance of Limber Jim of Southern prison fame, and says Limbe Jim's name was Jack Williams. Now, as Limber Jim was an old Cahaba prisoner, I thought I was well acquainted with him, as I served with him in both of the above-named prisons and other prisons for over one year. I think his right name was Thomas Goodman and his last earthly home was at Cushman Ill., where he died some three years ago. After the war closed he drifted to Sumter County, Ga., and married a Miss Clark. He lived in Sumter County for about three years, and his wife became demented and was the cause of her own destruction. He going to Illinois, and as above stated, died. If any one wishes to get the exact particulars in the case, write his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clark, of Andersonville, Ga., or ex-Commissary Serg't S. G. Clark, of Andersonville, who will give full particulars as to the career of Limber Jim after the war."

SCATTERING. D. R. Rosebrough, Casey, Ill., was about 18 years old when he enlisted. He tells amusing

incidents in the camp life of the 8th Ill., and kindly remembers the boys of the 18th, 22d and other Illinois regiments that were with

and shut out of discussion among soldiers with some such slighting remark as, "What can a rookie know? he wasn't here for the Girard, Kan., wants to hear from his old com-Well, there are no more rookies in

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To the thousands of unfortunate people who are sick and despairing with weak kidneys, weak back, rheumatic pains, irritated bladder, Bright's disease or diabetes, a free trial bottle of Peruviana, a new and wonderful remedy, will be sent by mail absolutely free as a trial. Hundrods of cases given up as hopeless, have been quickly cured. Among them Hon. Walter Cleary of the Kentucky Legislature; Hon. Philip Fosdick of the Ohio House of Representatives; C. H. Van Norman, President of the Waltham Watch Tool Co. of Springfield, Mass.; Rev. D. C. Crawford a well known clergyman of Silver Creek, Colo., and thousands of others



MRS. REV. B. TRESENRIDER.

It cured the Rev. Mrs. Tresenrider and the writes us as follows: "Dear Sirs: I have been badly afflicted with kidney and bladder trouble which our family physician failed to cure after almost three months' treatment. I then sent for the Peruviana, have taken one and a haif bottles and I feel that I am cured of the terrible disease. I haven't had a symptom for five weeks. Am truly thankful to you for your kindness, will recommend it to the afflicted, do all I can for the sale of the Peruviana. Very respectfully yours, Mrs. Rev. B. Tresenrider, 208 S. Grand Ave., Columbus, Ohio."



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN.

It cured Mrs. Brown, after her friends did not expect she would live another day, and she writes us as follows:—'I write to let you know that your wonderful medicine has entirely cured me of serious kidney trouble and inflammation of the bladder. I had tried a great many remedies and doctors but got no tenefit. I prayed God for relief and my prayers were answered when I found Peruviana, which gave relief from the very beginning. I shall always recommend your remedy for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. Yours Sincerely, Mrs. William Brown, Dixon, Ohio."



HON. FRANK H. PEABODY.

Good Words for Peruviana from an "Old Soldier" Now Connected With the State Department in Washington, D. C., as member of the Reciprocity Commission, also of the Joint High Anglo American Commission.

incidents in the camp life of the 8th Ill., and kindly remembers the boys of the 18th, 22d and other Illinois regiments that were with them. Later they served actively. The boys were proud of R. J. Oglesby, and think he was one of the greatest men of Illinois.

Alexander Lydy, Pickard, Ind., regrets that he does not see anything from his old comrades of the 1st W. Va. Cav. He recalls the charge against Hood's Division at Gettysburg and the loss of brave Farnsworth. He also mentions the charge on Ewell's wagon train at Monterey Gap, when the Union forces captured a hundred wagons and a lot of Johnnies.

There are No More "Rookies" is Manila.

Scribner's.

A picket standing upon a stone wall, so that he might get better aim, suddenly went down in a heap, crying out, "Boys, I've got it"; but he was up again in a minute, hopping about on one leg, and shouted. "I'll be d——d if I care; I'm not arrookie any more." He had been shot through the ankle. The "Rookies" is a term applied to the recruits who came to Manila after the fighting, and they have always been joshed and shut out of discussion among soldiers with sone such slighting remark as, "What wit

Jas. R. Cleriban, Co. C, 6th Ill. Cav.,